

Edition 12
September 2002

Hot Pies



**ONWARD TO
SEPTEMBER
GLORY**



Hot Pies

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Hot Pies

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Subscriptions

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Cheers

Thanks to everybody that helped out this year.
To the regular writers who keep coming up with the
goods – Teddy, Mick, Kit, Ramon, Toff, Pete B, Jo K; to
the ever-reliable Hotrod and Negro; to our cover artists
– Jane and Saffron; to Em for her inspirations; and all
the sellers, especially Liam, Damian and Jess. Most of
you guys have been with us for a few years now and
we couldn't do it without you all.

Disclaimer

Hot Pies is a satirical fanzine
inspired by a love of football
and Collingwood. We make up stuff and spout our two-
bob opinions in an attempt to amuse ourselves and
other like-minded football supporters. Very little of what
we say is factual. Hot Pies is not bound by imposed
standards of good taste or sportsmanship. Hot Pies is
not suitable for those who are easily offended or hard to
amuse. It's all about footy, not taking yourself too
seriously and having a laugh. The fellas down at Lulie
Street have no involvement whatsoever in the production
of Hot Pies (but we suspect they secretly like it).

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Forget about tight shorts, armpits are in

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check it out

Why are people so unkind?
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Footy Mouth
There are some toughies this month

Magpie Feathers Ruffled



The boys grab a last minute peek at the latest Hot Pies, amid claims of editorial bias and unfair treatment of Toyota Corollas.



Fashion Up-Date 2!

Who said there has to be a trade off between sponsorship obligations and looking good? Supercoach Mick Malthouse is making a lot of noise without saying a word this September with his now trademark 'Boyz in da hood, Are you Jason, Smith Street, silky press-stud sided, Adidas trackie daks'. Is it any wonder Supercoach has been voted 'Worlds Sexiest Man' by the Women in Black coterie for the last three years running.

Bottom of the sock drawer...

The warmer weather has brought out a flesh fest so far this Finals Series. As the lycra leggings get tucked away to the bottom of the draw where they belong, Hot Pies cameras got the chance to take a few tatt happy snaps. Do you know which current Collingwood player belongs to this splash of colour?



Young, Dumb, Full of C.....

Following a media maelstrom alledging that one of our own was sprung floggin' the dog in the front seat of his car, "The Club" has come out on the front foot with an iron clad defence for the unnamed sharp shooter.

'The whole affair is an innocent misunderstanding,' Reginald Tarquin Ponsingford III QC informed *Hot Pies*. 'Our client was simply pumping up his Sherrin in the front seat of his car when the incident ocured. The pump was faulty and the person in question became red in the face and had to take off ALL his clothes. The next thing he knew, bystanders started shrieking and the Police were called.'



The hand that rocked the cradle

"At not time did our client wax the Dolphin with a hand full of slag' added Ponsingford. "And besides who hasn't done the occasional five nuckle shuffle whilst waiting for their fish and chips? Ponsingford concluded. 'I'm not worried, I think my client will pull through this whole affair'



Rumour Mill

It's a real SHANE that we can no longer reveal players names in the Rumour Mill, but Hot Pies can reveal that one player is a WAKE up to LINE dancing.

In other news, it appears that a popular administrator is set to leave

Victoria Park at the end of this season. The GREGarious number cruncher is poised to do his SWANN song, if a lucrative offer to launch his range of haircare products "No, It's Not a Rug" goes ahead.

Rumour also has it that a certain Collingwood player has MARKed interest in a RICH patch with plenty of yARDage in St. Georges Road. It'd be the perfect place if you had a SON. Spewin' we can't reveal the name of this Captain of Commerce.

Attendance Figures Up

Ahead of what is expected to be 'a good set of numbers' presented at this year's AGM, *Unknown Sauces* has learnt that attendance figures at training are way ahead of the corresponding September period of last year. Well done to the boys and girls in marketing. Top Effort!



Richo Vs Richo

Collingwood icon, cult hero and all-round top bloke Mark "Richo" Richardson has recently received a desperate letter from Tiger Matthew Richardson in an attempt to prevent legal action.



While both parties deny the existance of any such letter, *Unknown Sauces* can reveal that it contained an official apology from Matty for stealing and destroying the moniker 'Richo'. It's not known if the correspondence has any connection to litigation iniated by Mark Richardson against Matthew Richardson for destroying equity in his 'Richo' brand name, but Richo's (ours) lawyers are claiming the loss of millions in potential personal endorsements because Richo (theirs) is so unco. Stay tuned for more over the summer months.

Stoopid Questions Time Again!

It's not too late to send in your 'Stoopid Question' to be read out on your behalf at this years AGM. Send your Stoopid Question to:

hotpies@vicnet.net.au

Hittin' the Trail!

As to be expected the club is being very hush-hush about Grand Final preparations. But, in a late breaking scoop, *Unknown Sauces* can confirm that the club has contacted Camerons Transport and asked them to, 'Keep the semi and trailer free for us on Grand Final day. Just in case... thanks chief'.

Many Collingwood supporters would be familiar with 'The Trailer' from other various Collingwood events. 'The Trailer' stole centre stage in the hurly burly of Family Day last year when someone let the brakes off. No one knows the location of 'The Trailer', however it was last seen travelling west on Johnston St. following the blessing of the scarves.



Injury Race Against Time

Shock waves are still reverberating around the medical community at Victoria Park following a bizarre training mishap suffered by Magpie superstar James Clement in the lead up to the Preliminary Final.

Clement has been named as fit and available for play despite suffering a savagely broken nail. It appears that the Magpie dieticians and manicurists are to blame, yet again, for a Vitamin E deficiency effecting the whole team.

In typical half back flanker tradition, Clement has vowed to play 'no matter what'. It is not known if he will be given pain killing injections before the game. Not for the pain, but just for a laugh. Magpie Fans like the nail in question are hanging on the outcome.



WILD ABOUT JASE

Dear Hot Pies

Concerning your question about Jason Wild deserving the last pine warming seat in the team of the century. I am his youngest brother and happen to be very proud of my brother whether he be sitting on the bench during a game or playing the best match of his career. It didn't matter how good Jason played, Collingwood did not give him a fair run anyway. For someone that got best on ground nearly every week for the Reserves you think he would have got more of a go. I personally would like to know what sort of football career you have had. At least people know who Jason Wild is!

Yours Sincerely
J. Wild, Email

CAR CABER TOSSER STRIKES BACK

Dear Hot Pies

Well, it's been plastered all over the news, but I never did anything.

I was simply pumping up my Sherrin while parked in Clifton Hill and had got a bit red in the face. The next thing I know, there's some woman shrieking and yelling at other pedestrians that she'd spotted me in flagrante delicto with Madam Palmer and her five daughters.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't think there's anything wrong with waxing the dolphin with a hand full of slag, infact getting it off quickly by hand is something that we focus on at training. But the five knuckle shuffle in broad daylight in one of inner Melbourne's most busy shopping strips? Come on!!

So get your hand off it, all you media tossers. You're just worried we're gonna win the final and you needed something (anything) to take up the spaces between your homages to

Matty Lloyd, Sheeds, September 11 and other international disasters.

Name withheld, Clifton Hill

IT TAKES 2 TO WHIP AN ARSE

Dear Hot Pies

How thick are they in Adelaide? I read the other day in the paper that Port Adelaide coach Mark Williams claimed the Magpies didn't win the qualifying final - Port lost it.

Well sorry, Mark (if you're reading this); I watched it the other night and it was unfortunate for you that there were two teams on the ground.

If we could have won by not turning up we would have, but we still needed to kick goals in order to THRASH YOU SAND GROPING, CROW EATING FUCKSTICKS.

I'm just pleased that the true spirit of sportsmanship prevails and that you are as good a loser as Cornes is a winner.

The Thinker, Abbotsford

MARK 'INVISIBLE MAN' MCGOUGH

Dear Hot Pies

Is the rumour true that Mark hasn't been playing lately because he's been on detention every Saturday for the last few weeks for doing burnouts on the school oval in his Magna and then flashing his polish sausage at some bird down at the Clifton Hill Shops?

Confused, Altona

No.
Eds

SEE THE BOMBERS F*** UP

Dear Hot Pies,

My mum, sister and I are long time (since mid 2000) loyal Bombers fans and go nearly every week - unless we

lost the week before or if its cold or if James or Matty aren't playing. I like your magazine coz it has pictures of James Hird in it.

You also sound like you know a lot about footy so can you tell me why Collingwood didn't turn up to play the Bombers in the Semi Final last week and the Bombers unfairly had to play in Adelaide? I read in the paper at the end of round 22 that they would easily beat Collingwood in the Semi and then have a home preliminary final and win that and then win the grand final. I don't think its fair coz we finished 5th on the ladder and we should be able to play all our games in Melbourne coz we are the Bombers. Also, I think it's unfair that they don't have an award for the best team and that the premiers get all the attention coz the Bombers were the best team in 1998, 1999 and 2001 and just becoz we happened to lose a couple of finals no-one ever gives them the credit they deserve.

PS. Could you please put a photo of Matty from the Eagles Elimination Final in your next edition?

Timmy from Essendon.

SHE HEATH

Dear Heart Balme (sic), I mean Hot Pies,

We've got this girl at work and until recently I thought she was a real "Sav Rocca" (ie. shocker). For ages I've been thinking she reminded me of someone and then the penny dropped. She looks like Heath Scotland with a wig and lipstick and without the wobbly bits (BIG wobbly bits if your last edition is anything to go by). All of a sudden I have found myself strangely attracted to her, my little "She Heath". I have bought a new skimpy Pies jumper with number 29 on it (ala Geri Halliwell on the Footy Show last year). I would love to put her in the jumper, grab a footy and have a bit of "one on one", but am

not sure if she feels the same way. Do you think I should try it on her or am I taking this devotion to the Pies too far? Maybe I should keep my eye out for a "Licca lookalike" given after his matchwinning game against Port in the Qualifying Final?

Kinky (no, not Rene),
Collingwood.

IT TAKES 2 TO WHIP AN ARSE

Dear Hot Pies,

I like cunning plans and especially like the Pies most recent cunning plan. Consider the options the Pies had coming into Rd 20 against the Dons.

Option 1 - We could beat them again, but given their last two games were against Freo and Spoons they would still have limped into eighth spot but with low expectations and patting themselves on the back saying they'd done well as they got bounced out in the first or second week. . . . OR

Option 2 - We could have tanked the game, faked a hammy to our skipper (to give him a rest) and struggle against St K & Footscray to conspire to get Essendon into 5th spot with huge expectations, that "they were back" and home finals & cozy draw and ultimately a GF spot. Even up to the last minute we stick to the cunning plan by giving Capt Bucks the first final off to give Essendon the 100% impression that we are gone. And then, and only then, when all the final 8 cards had been completely laid out the Pies "resume normal duties", put the foot down and beat Port. Thus completely stuffing up and gutting the re-emergent arrogance and smugness of the Essendon bandwagoners.

A plan so cunning and executed with such precision that I would be proud to have my name to it.

Baldrick, Cunningshtown.

EAT BEANS

Dear Hot Pies,

Felsy can't answer my question and Jacko won't answer my calls, so you guys are my last resort. Why isn't there a preliminary final in Adelaide?????

Mike R, Parliament House Adelaide.

EAT BEANS 2

Dear Hot Pies,

My missus left me earlier this year. She just loved to cook and bake cakes. Recently I received a windfall delivery of wooden spoons but since the wife has left and I can't cook (apart from "cooking the books") I have no use for them. Any suggestions?

Jack, Carlton.

HOT PIES HOT DATES

Dear Hot Pies,

Your mag is a bonanza. I'm of modest looks, middle aged & married and was reading your mag on the train the other day and a sophisticated attractive lady approached me and asked: "Is that Hot Pies you are reading?" So just thought I'd let your readers know to get their Hot Pies mag out and flaunt it in public, it's a goddam chick magnet!!!

Revitalised,
East Malvern

NEW RECRUIT?

Eddie

Do you want a happy God or a vengeful God? I'll take nothing less than full-forward and demand the number 7!

God, Heaven

p.s. thanks for returning my calls - I was out interviewing with another club when you rang.

LOVE IS IN THE AIR

Dear Hot Pies

I have absolutely got the hots for the girl who sits on the left hand side of the cheersquad about ten rows back who is an absolute spunk. Can you tell me her name and address and whether I'm in or not?

Carl, Carnegie

Tracy. Behind the goals and no Eds

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Dear Hot Pies

I just want to let everyone out there who heard I was pulling the horse's handbrake, trust me, I'm no wanker.

Pies Reserve, Collingwood

ONE EYED PIE SUPPORTER

Dear Hot Pies

Is it just me or has anyone noticed how the pies (the eating ones) at the footy always seem to be cold on the outside and hot on the inside? What's going on? I mean I'm not whingeing, I'm just used to the old crusty buggers. You know, the one's you'd break your dental plate on and then find an icicle in the middle ... are they steaming them like dimmies, or is it some new thermonuclear pie heating device? I want one for my kitchen.

Hugh Jars, Seddon

WAY OUT WEST

Dear Hot Pies

Why doesn't anybody like me?

Terry, Footscray

WHAT A WAIST!

Dear Hot Pies

Fried chicken, some American-Italian cuisine and a coke.

Dean, Essendon

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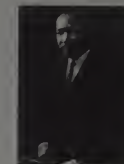


crowmagnon man: COMBINE THE BRAIN OF ANDREW JARMAN, THE KNUCKLES OF NEIL KERLEY AND THE SHEER BUT UGLINESS OF GRAHAM CORNES AND YOU HAVE IT - THE QUINTESSENTIAL CROW !!! WHO ELSE WOULD BUY A TOYOTA CAMRY !?!?!?



I had a dream

by Martin Luther Magpie



Just like Martin Luther King I had a great and wondrous vision.

MCG, Saturday 28 September 2002. The Afternoon.

Collingwood vs Brisbane. Yes, we made it.

But, after a torrid finals campaign, in which we avenged ourselves against the Powerless, returned the embarrassment to the Bumbers, and shook off those shaggin' Kangas, we were a bit decimated. Watching our greatest day from the sidelines were Bucks, Pebbles and Clokey.

THE REPLACEMENTS

Chad Rintoul has had a dog of a season. He tried almost everything to cure his migraine, even aspirin. Acupuncture, reflexology, shiatsu, riki, yoga and tai chi failed to cure Chad. Neon had a better idea, so he whisked Rints up to his rellos in the NT. Tribal magic did the trick. Chad has 6 months of pent-up aggression to expel. On Brisbane.

James Podsiadly was given the nod to replace Rocca, carrying on the tradition of baptisms of fire, embodied by Rene Kink in the 1973 Prelim.

Rupo got a reprieve after his 57 touches for Willy in the VFL Grand Final.

Furthermore, I was playing inside Nick Davis' body. My groin's better than his, and I wore 19 as a kid. (See my book, "No 19 Heroes" for further information.)

THE OPENING BOUNCE

Tazza and Pods muscled up to Leppo and Whitey in the goalsquare. Dutchy was out on the 50 arc, already being held (Cumpire!) by Ashcroft. Dids almost had Brad Scott sucked in before the National Anthem had finished. Chad was on one side of the square, Nick/I the other.

Stunning and Big Beau nullified each other and the ball fell to earth.

Within a heartbeat, Rints had blasted through with a ferocious hip-and-shoulder that sent Voss into orbit, landing on the centre square line. Concurrently, Nick/I pounced on the loose ball, bounced (as they overdo!), evaded a coat-hanger from Johnson and hit Pods on the chest 20 out, bang in front.

The commentators went into hyperbole. Tazza held the Lions back, allowing Pods to make history as the first debutante to kick the first goal in a GF.

THE REST OF THE GAME

Nick/I was manned by Johnson, then the Scott brothers, Aker,

Ashcroft, and finally Lappin, who kicked a goal on us, late in the last quarter, reducing our lead to 97 points. Presti held Lynch goal-less, as did Jimmy on Power.

The Lions were never in the hunt, with Stunning Steve "Copeland" "Norm Smith" McKee giving us first use and providing a wall across half-back. Luke "Brownlow" Darcy looked on enviously. "If only I could get to such a crack unit", he mused. Mick smiled.

THE AFTERMATH

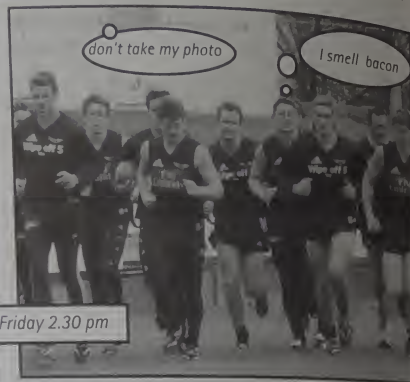
My wife didn't smile when she had to clean the sheets next day. Go Pies! The Dream is out there!





Get inside the fascinating world of an AFL football manager

Victoria Park Friday 2.30 pm



don't take my photo

I smell bacon

Come to think of it Eddie... I've been thinking of a comeback. Do you think I should pull the boots on?

Ha, Ha... Great idea! I wish I'd thought of it!

Meanwhile, training continues...

Eat dirt Cheeseboy!

Ouch

He can't be serious... Has Balmie gone troppo?

Bugger!

Tell ya what Balmie, if we can find a jumper that'll fit you, you'll be on the team.

The End

The Suits from upstairs check out the commotion...

Told ya I still had what it takes! Get the chequebook out boys, I'm making a comeback

He is serious... Geez I hope Caro doesn't get wind of this!

finalsfeature

Brewer's Drool



He sure aint no shoe model but he could snap a mean goal.

Exactly 21 years ago – to the day – I had my first post-match visit to the pub. I was 10 years old and I'm eternally grateful to Ross Brewer for the three raspberry-lemonades I sank at the Corner Hotel that afternoon.

I remember it as one of those Spring days where the MCG shines and the noise from the crowd rips right through you.

The record books tell me the date was Saturday, 12 September 1981. There were 85,133 people at the MCG for the First Semi-Final between Collingwood and Fitzroy and collectively they paid \$654,160 to get through the gate.

I still find it strangely comforting that my dad, my sister and I are recognised in the vital statistics of that match – there we are, the three of us, tacked on to the other 85,130 people who witnessed Ross Brewer magic.

The Roy boys, coached by a still-youthful Robert Walls, had snuck into the finals by pinching a win at Victoria Park in the final round of the season. To add insult, the Round 22 loss to the Roys cost Collingwood top spot on the ladder – and the week's rest. In the first week of the finals, Fitzroy upset a red-hot Essendon in the Elimination Final, while the Pies lost to Geelong in the Qualifying Final.

The First Semi was one of those games that only our game could throw up – it had more twists and turns than a Rocca torp. Collingwood shot to a 45-point lead soon after half-time and then (with the Pies reduced to 18 fit players) Fitzroy reeled them back. By time-on in the last quarter, the Pies were trailing by 10 points – and looked gone. Dead and buried. The fat lady had sung. Then up bobbed Ross Brewer.

Twenty-eight minutes into the final quarter he passed to Daicos, who slotted it from 50 metres, cutting the deficit to four points. In the next minute, the footy was again deep in Collingwood's forward line at the Punt Road end. What happened next made a permanent impression on me. I was sitting just metres from the action behind the goals in the Northern Stand, about 10 rows back.

A pack of players fought desperately in the forward pocket and the footy just bounced from scrimmage to

scrimmage until Ross Brewer – who was facing away from Collingwood's goal – held it up and flung his boot at it. The ball somehow sailed back over his head and towards the big sticks.

Then I heard an eruption. The crowd around me jumped in the air, yelling. All I could see was torn-up pages from phone books fluttering down from a blue sky.

In a moment, despair and dejection had turned to utter elation. And a moment later our elation turned into ninety seconds of tension as the Pies clung on for a one-point victory. We were alive and T-shirt Tommy Hafey could still guide us to the Flag.*

My Dad wasn't really a drinking man, but he insisted on going to the pub after that game. Standing alongside the pillar in the middle of the Corner Hotel's band room, we watched a replay of the last half. And on TV I got a clear view of Ross Brewer's weird-looking, over-the-shoulder snap sailing through the goal. A half-roar, half-gasp rose up from the punters gathered around. Even at that young age, I knew it was something pretty rare and pretty special.

I sipped from my raspberry lemonade.

I was drunk on Collingwood – and Ross Brewer.

FIRST SEMI-FINAL – 12 SEPTEMBER 1981 (MCG)

Collingwood	5.6	11.13	14.15	19.19 (133)
Fitzroy	2.3	6.5	12.13	19.18 (132)

BEST

Collingwood: Picken, Twomey, Atkin, Barham, Davis, Taylor, Byrne.
Fitzroy: McMahon, Serafini, Smith, Alexander, Francis, Wilson.

GOALS

Collingwood: Davis (3), Brewer (3), R Shaw (3), Daicos (3), Barham (2), Irwin, A Shaw, Worthington, Taylor, Kink.

Fitzroy: Rendell (5), McMahon (4), Lawrie (2), Quinlan (2), Murnane (2), Poynton (2), Parish, Wilson.

Attendance: 85,133

Gate: \$654,160

(*Footnote: Unfortunately, it wasn't to be. We got over Geelong in the Preliminary Final at VFL Park the following week and then fell to Carlton in the Grand Final. Peter Moore famously threw his Runners Up medal into the MCG turf on Grand Final day 1981 – making a statement that second place wasn't good enough. In a funny way, you could say it worked – we haven't lost a Grand Final since.)

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All the lowlights • All the injuries • All the losses
The Whole Bloody Disgrace in a Special 3 Hour Video

Relive the Joy!

- 3 wins
- 19 losses
- No wins at Princes Park
- Worst ever losses:
Swans – 78 points
Maggies – 108 points

It was the year that they will ever try to forget, but that will be impossible. Season 2002 will linger in the minds of Carlton supporters like a bad fart under the doona. With retirements and injuries to key players before the start of the season, things didn't look good, but just how bad it would end up wasn't something that anybody around the club would have expected. As the Blues contemplated life after SOS and the supporters spoke about the its and buts, the season began poorly. A loss to the lowly Saints in the first round and then a 78 point drubbing at the hands of the Swans signalled that a storm was brewing. The Blues bounced back against arch rival Collingwood in what would be their only highlight of the season. Carlton's next win was 10 weeks away. Close losses to Hawthorn, Geelong and West Coast left supporters feeling robbed and opposition supporters laughing in the aisles. The return of Kouta was short lived and once again the footy world was pissing itself at Carlton's misfortune.

As the season came to a close the club started to implode. A bunch of self-important wankers called the Unofficial Match Committee tried to take over the club. Big Jack lost his driving licence, his wife kicked him out, he was in court for some dodgy shenanigans and he then sacked Brittain on the same day that his rivals announced their intentions to sack Elliot.

Relive all the memories and keep this video as a memento for a year in which not only did the Pies rise to become a power again but the Blues won their first wooden spoon.

CARLTON'S HISTORIC 2002 SEASON



G FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION

UNOFFICIAL FOOTY VIDEO • HOT PIES • SOS



hotpiesexclusive

brass maggies

Reports have surfaced on the reasons behind what many consider the strange practice of walking ballbag deep in the freezing water.

Hot Pies have uncovered an exclusive story attempting to get to the crotch of things down at Pieland.

It seems that the water practice is not about post-match recovery, but taming the young Pie's wild and woolly coital urges.

Maggie conditioning coach, David Bulefort explains: "It is well known how horny the average footballer can be, but when you're in charge of the youngest playing list in the AFL, it becomes increasingly difficult to keep the boys' minds on the job of playing footy."

The young Pies, in the prime of their sexual maturity, are increasingly being attracted to the natural habitat of the opposite sex.

The boys are staying up all hours of the night, expending their hard earned match fitness in all night romping sessions.

When queried about the nature of the problem Butifort elaborated.

"The Davis boys are having some troubles. First Nick was complaining about Leon copying the clothes he wears but now Leon is trying it on with Nick's girlfriends as well. Anthony Rocca has developed a fetish for girls in tennis skirts and Scottie Cummings has taken the "Here Comes Humphrey" bit a little too seriously.

Chad Rintoul can truly lay claim to the title "Collingwood hard man". Chad has been listed by the Club to media

sources as suffering from migraine headaches. But Butefort elaborates once again: "Chad, being an elder statesman of the team, unfortunately got hooked on Viagra trying to keep up with the frenetic pace of the younger guys. The little known condition Chad is suffering from is caused by Viagra overuse and is called Penis Migraine – clinically

described as unceasingly, persistent, throbbing erectile nob-ache."



If that wasn't the final straw Pie fans, the dreaded Osteitis Pubis is the latest link attributed to overly horny young colts.

The Maggie staff have conclusive proof to the cause of Anthony Rocca's OP.

Anthony, as we all well know, is a good Italian boy who is living at home until he is 35 and married. So a bit of the old in'n'out is forbidden within the confines of the Rocca mansion.

Anthony therefore has been giving the back seat of his HQ Monara a work out with the young lasses. The same biomechanists that the club used to scam Bucks offa that striking charge have concluded that a man of Anthony's bulk playing doctors and nurses in the back seat of his car places acute stress on the offending pubic bones. Club officials have handed Anthony a copy of Hot Pies' shagging guide to Vicky Park for more comfortable places to engage his carnal pleasures.

Hot Pies wanted to know how the players were responding to the drastic measures.

"Most of the boys are a bit non-plussed about losing their balls in their stomach and having a microscopic nob for several hours after the dip, but they're a sneaky bunch and you have to watch out cause they'll pull one over on you before you can say Prestigiacomio.

Taz was the first to try and sneak one past us and he probably wouldn't have got caught but he slipped up right in front of us.

You see Mick was getting ready to leave after a session and he noticed a Sandman parked along the coast line and Mick being the bloke he is went a'knockin' when the van was rockin' and found Taz getting it on with a young lady with a pair of specially made thermally insulated wetsuit undies dangling around his ankles.

There is one saving grace from this story, Pie fans, from none other than Captain Courageous himself – Bucks. "Bucks is such a professional, he gives up sex for the whole season proper. It's a bit of a strain on the relationship, but Tanya is a good sport about it. Especially at the end of the season when the windows in the Bucks Palace are steamed up for a month."



1902: A YEAR COLLINGWOOD'S FIRST FLAG



BY KIT FENNESSY

FOR the first time under the current presidency and coaching reign, our wonderful Maggies have finally broken the shackles, pulling themselves up by their boot straps to go from wooden spooners to become part of the elite in the comp and having a red hot poke at bringing home the Premiership Cup.

But can the boys do it, and when they find their backs against the wall, where will we find hope?

I've taken a look through the history books and found an historical precedent to which we can all cling in these nerve-wracking times. In a dusty vault full of cobwebs underneath Vicky Park, I came across an ancient parchment book bound in leather with a huge bronze clasp. Blowing away the dust of untold years I found the faith that I'd been looking for and today I pass it on to you.

Let me take you back, not too far, to 1902. That's right kids, 100 years ago, back when your parents were still wearing short pants and your grandparents still had hair.

Glory of glories occurred that year: Collingwood was in the Grand Final, against Essendon (of all teams!). They would probably have been playing one of the interstate clubs, but this was back in the good old days when the AFL was the VFL and other states hadn't been invented yet.

It was a big year for the Pies. Our first Grand Final and the first time the granny had ever been played at the G (and no, I'm not suggesting anyone had felt up an old lady in a rude way). Before this, the Grand Final had always been played

around the centre of Ye Olde Melbourne's CBD, on dirt roads where you had to bawlk horses and carriages as you streaked in to goal.

Today's players think they've got it hard with shifting grass at Corronial (or should that be the Thunderdome??). Try slipping on a pile of horse manure and doing a hammy only to be arrested for loitering and being thrown onto a chain gang. That's what it was like back then.

The road to the Grand Final hadn't been an easy one. They'd lost the last three games of the season but once the final five were announced, the Black and White Warriors took a good hard look at themselves and showed what they were made of. Steel. Concrete. Platinum. They were as tough as the steak in the Bistro; and that's saying something!!

The boys had trained hard that year and innovative training techniques abounded. They'd split wood with their bare hands for three quarters of an hour, kick bags of wheat over a grain silo as kick to kick for two hours and then they'd start the hard stuff. So, when it came time to stand up and be counted they were all 100-bloody-feet tall.

"Lardie" Tulloch was captain-coach for the Final. The usual coach had disappeared for reasons as yet unclear but rumour abounds that Lardie, who got his nickname not from the size of his arse but from his slippery ways, may have greased down his saddle with a handful of dripping to ensure that he'd come to a sticky end.

A record crowd came to the game; over 35,000 people



RT Rush: Football legend and club Treasurer for 40 years.



Ted Rowell: Champion of the Colony 1902 and pacey sprinter

TO REMEMBER

which, you'll note, is still bigger than any crowd they can pull in rugby league.

The first half of the game didn't look promising. Essendon absolutely dominated and would've been flogging our backsides red-raw with a hot poker if it hadn't been for the capable work of Bill Proudfoot and the historic RT "Arty" Rush (who of course they named the stand at Vicky Park after). They managed to hold down Essendon forward Albert Thurgood and the accuracy on the score-board showed.

The Same-Olds (as the Bombers were known back then) couldn't take a trick. It probably also didn't help that they were called the Same-Olds, because footy had just been invented. It's an interesting historical foot-note that after losing the Grand Final they became the Brand-News and went on to have some success.

At half time Lardie spat the dummy. Who did they think they were? Men or mice? Blouses or trousers? Gog or Magog? Sure it didn't make much sense, but that was the brilliance of that speech; Lardie cut to the heart of it all. In football it's not about sense, it's about dollars; or as Lardie would've said:

"It's not about pennies, it's about pounds, so go out there and pound some sense into those turds!!!"

He directed his fury particularly toward Hailwood and Blackwood, two of Collingwood's newest and best recruits who'd been allowed into the team under the "half your name is wood" rule (they didn't have the "father-son" rule yet, as the game was so new nobody had had time to bring a kid up).

Frank Hailwood was the ruckman and he was a big man. Two axe handles across the back and a head like a blacksmith's anvil. At the front end stood Ted Lockwood who could kick a ball a mile and a half and catch it at the far end.

In the second half Collingwood dominated. They kicked six goals to one in the end ran out 33 point winners and away with the flag (cups hadn't been invented yet either and everyone had to drink out of the palms of their hands, which made ordering drinks at the pub after the match quite tricky).

The Australasian newspaper reported: "Collingwood genuinely and on merit established their right to the

premiership.....their magnificent final exhibition put a fitting seal on an excellent year's work." (As a final note of explanation, it was the fashion back then to make the losing team wear seals on their heads for the entire off season.)

So when you're sitting there with your head in your hands, chewing the edge of an empty beer cup and wondering if the Mighty Maggies can possibly do it, just think back to 1902. Dream the Impossible Dream. Carn the Pies!

Best
COLLINGWOOD: Hailwood, Pannam, Allan, Rush, Fell, Rowell.
ESSENDON: McKenzie, Gavin, Mann, Wright, Larkin, Hutchens.

Goals
COLLINGWOOD: E. Lockwood, Rowell 3, Allen, Angus, Pears.
ESSENDON: Hiskins, O'Loughlin, Thurgood

Played at MCG. Crowd - 35,502
Umpire - Crapp. (I kid you not!!)

COLLINGWOOD

B. G. Lockwood, W. Proudfoot, M. Fell

HB: R. Rush, J. Leach, A. Dummett

C: C. Pannam, C. McCormack, J. Allan

HF: J. Incoll, E. Rowell, G. Angus

F: H. Pears, E. Lockwood, A. Leach

FOLL: F. Hailwood, L. Tulloch (Capt), R. Condon

COACH - "Lardie" Tulloch (acting coach, as club captain)

1902

Hear the barrackers a

Like most Pies supporters, I've always been a loud and animated barracker, but one day back in 1991 I witnessed the benchmark in Pies barracking and changed my outlook on it forever.

It was Round 4 1991 against the Saints in our last game at Moorabbin when 31,213 crammed into a suburban footy ground on a Saturday arvo.

It was the week after the raising of the almighty '90 Flag, so life was at its best and for Pies fans it was the perfect environment for barracking.

As usual we stood in the scoreboard forward pocket and had the amazing good fortune to stand next to a group of fanatical Pies fans who produced the greatest barracking performance ever witnessed.

These guys had informed humour, vindictiveness, personal verbal attacks and character assassinations, social commentary, game commentary and reflex responses to unfolding events. This was all delivered with unbridled enthusiasm and the expected poison of a party of passionate Pies.

Alcohol, time and the absolute volume of lines delivered that day have all conspired for me to forget the specific comments, but some of the highlights included:

- the constant vindictive personal attacks to Saints rejects Brian Wilson and Russell Morris. I've never heard such a variety of clever, concise and accurate insults ever before – non stop, all day.
- the commentary and response to the umpiring effort of the day which included 34 St K frees to 21 Coll frees, 6 goals to St K from frees and 3 x 50 metre penalties (incl. one goal).
- the mirth and merriment as we witnessed cult figure Charlie Manson take 9 marks in the 3rd quarter and seemingly put us into a matchwinning position (exceeding Chris Perry's benchmark 7 marks in the last quarter against Richmond in the late 70's).
- the hurling of abuse at the "point clapping" morons in the Huggins Stand Social Club.



- the temporary elation and crowd pogo activity as Tony Francis' goal in the pocket in front of us put us in front by a point with only a minute to go.

These blokes (and you know who you are, as you are the demographic type who would read this mag) were sensational and reset the benchmark of barracking forever. It opened my ears to barracking and has allowed me to absorb the comments around me in the standing room. So as a tribute to those Pies fans at Moorabbin in 91 here's a few from this season which brought a smile to my dial:

PERSONAL ATTACKS

Plugger's comeback was a goldmine for barrackers, especially for the Pies after his stint the week before at Port Melbourne. There was the old chestnut we thought we'd never hear again "Chase him you fat lazy pig", as Wakelin ran off him time and time again. There was the oft-used "Freddy Cook would have marked it", as he dropped what he should have taken. But my favourite was "It might be your first game at Colonial, but we all know its not the first time you've played up your own end", as he made his way to the Lockett end of the stadium.

James Hird is another who we love to give a spray at all opportunities. Who can forget the glory of the Anzac Day game where we kicked their sorry arse and sent them packing from premiership contention. Late in the third quarter after we broke the game open, poor James, the golden boy, had to go off for the blood rule for a little trickle on his leg. "It's not blood umpy, it's his nailpolish that spilled before the game", was quickly followed by

"Time to change your Libra Slims, James".

Fat Boy Slim Whitnall is another great target. In the Round 3 game where there was nothing to shout about, he provided us with at least a few moments of pleasure as he dropped an easy mark with the slippery ball. "If it was a pie you would've taken it" and then more joined in with "If it was a fried dimmie you would've taken it", "If it was a slippery steamed dimmie with soy sauce you would've taken it". And in the end when it looked (and was) over, an optimistic Pies fan kept our hopes alive

shouting

with "It's not over til Whitnall sings".

Fatty's former teammate, Aaron Hamill, also provides some fun for the fans given his much publicised transfer and wage. "What happened Hamill, did you fall on your wallet?" and "If it was a bag of cash you would've marked it" were roared as he came up hobbling after a failed marking attempt. He also provoked the line "He's not at Carlton anymore Umpy, so you are allowed to pay free kicks against him now", as he got away with yet another infringement.

BAD PUNS

Sometimes you get some good and bad puns. This year they were bad and included:

"Not very . . . Goodes", as he missed a set shot.

"You stink Garlic", as he turned over another kick,

"You Piker, Pike", as he got benched after roughing up Josh,

"You too!" to Chad Rintoul after his second clanger and goal against the wooden spooners.

SEX LINKS

It's interesting to hear how much is yelled out about players' sexuality. Here's a few snippets.

"You're a wanker, Master Bateman", directed to Chance Bateman (get it?? Masturbate Man) – yes this could have been in the bad puns section too.

"No wonder your missus left you if you jump on blokes like that" as Rioli rode Burnsey in the back for a free kick in his first game back from "personal reasons".

"Don't complain, with a head like yours it might be the only ride you get all year", as Plugger was free kicked for riding young Tarkyn into the ground.

COMMENTARY OR OBSERVATIONS

Other good one-liners came in response to action on the field.

"It's an AFL plot to test Eddie's impartiality in the commentary box", in response to the Round 1 first quarter free kick count of Richmond 8, Collingwood 0. "They're a bunch of dirty, stinkin, f\$%#\$ cheats" was a more honest assessment.

"About time, you've had more throws than Mark Harvey after a smorgasbord in the 80s", as Essendon were finally pinged for a throw after umpteen others



beforehand.

"Get out of it freckle legs or you'll get hurt again" and "Don't f#\$k with the Buck", as poor concussed Vossy tried to remonstrate with the great man at _ time in Round 8.

At the Great Saints Flood in Round 6 "I'd walk away from the coach too if I were you St Kilda if that's his game plan", at quarter time as the Saints players left their huddle and went to the other side. "Kick THAT backwards!" in response to their flooding as they prepared to kick out from a point. "He thought he was back in the backline trying to rush a point", as Maxie "Cry Baby" Hudghton kicked a miraculous banana goal.

AFTER GAME

Even after the game you get a few good lines, especially with the clientele and entertainment at the Royal Hotel after a game at the G.

"That was the most emphatic 1 point victory I have ever seen", after our win over the Eagles in Round 2.

"What,,,,, have you got three nipples or something", as the next girl on stage was announced as Miss Unique Nude Tasmania 2001 – isn't that an oxy moron?

And then there was "She's got the most natural looking fake tits I've ever seen", as a buxom young blonde entertained after another Pies victory.

THE BEST

But as they say in the ads, the simple things are often the best and so it was in my mate's lounge room after the Qualifying Final victory, "YEEEEESSSSS, YOU BLOODY BEAUTY!!!!"

I hope you've enjoyed some of these half as much as I did and get as much inspiration from them for your own barracking performance. Now go out there and shout your lungs out for the Mighty Pies!!

TEAM OF THIS CENTURY

A panel of experts and distinguished pissheads recently came together to pick the 'Un-official Collingwood Team of This Century'. The result is a group of Collingwood six footers with perhaps the most benal nicknames ever conceived and an abundance of guts, skill and footy brains to boot. Our panel of experts and their parole officers agree that this group represents the finest players to have worn the black and white so far this century (selections are subject to alteration at any time within the next 98 years.)



Ben 'Johnno' Johnson #26
More than just another dashing left footer. Bold and gutsy, Johnno's the type of demented defender that has made the Collingwood backline a nightmare zone for all small forwards since the beginning of time.



Rupert 'Roop' Batheras #10
Forget Ghostbusters, when the Pies have a problem that no-one else can fix they call upon Roop. He is the go-to, can do, stand up, sit down game breaker who always answers the call.



Tarkyn, 'Tarks' Lockyer #24
His opponents often call him Farkyn, cos he's always getting in their face. Apart from earning a living by spring people the door, he is a master at setting up and constructing play. An architect of football success.



Leon 'Neon' Davis #1
He's our Number One No.1, and he gives his opponents the number twos with his slippery goal sense and lightening speed. Every game is a highlight reel when Leon takes the field.



Jarrod 'Molly' Molloy #7
Molly is Collingwood's anvil of doom. If you get between him and the ball you can say 'hello' to the hospital ceiling. Our boys walk taller when he's on the field. Thank God he's on our side.



Simon 'Presti' Prestigiacomo #35
Behind Presti's cool, mild mannered, well groomed exterior is the best hand-eye co-ordination in the game. The best Full-Back to have ever played the game, that's what we reckon.



Shane 'Ken Doll' Wakelin #14
Shane is the brick wall that can create off half back. He is football's answer to Björn Borg. Just like Björn, he is cool under pressure and wears stubble with distinction.



Scott 'Burnsy' Burns #17
The hardest working man in football, Burnsy is a man that commands total football respect. He runs through brick walls just for fun.



Anthony 'Pebbles' Rocca #23
With vice-like hands and feet like Thorpie's, it is no surprise that Pebbles is dominating the game. Playing the toughest position on the field, he can bust a game open like a bon-bon on Christmas Day.



Chris 'Taz' Tarrant #20
His hands are clean, even when they're dirty. Nothing is impossible for this high priest of high marking. Set to become known as 'Mr September'.



Glenn 'Freebie' Freeborn #9
A classy utility in the classic sense of the word. He drives a Holden and likes going surfing. He epitomises the 'meat and potatoes' type of 'no frills' 'getting the job done' way the Pies are going about their footy.



Jason 'Clokey' Cloke #34
When the going gets tough Billy Ocean gets going, but so too does Jason Cloke. Suggestion to his future opponents, 'get outta his way, cos' he's here to stay'.



Shane 'Cheesey' O'Bree #11
More like King Island Greyre than Conan. Cultured and matured he's got moves so fast, it makes others look slow and wherever he runs the ball will surely go.



Nick 'Davo' Davis #19
I can't believe it's not butter and I can't believe he's only played 50 games. He's got the type of swagger that you only get when you know you can bang 'em from outside 60 on and off the field.



Alan 'Daks' Didak #4
Like Johnny Howard saying 'Sorry', Daks Didak performs the unthinkable every time he plays. But now he's doing unthinkable good things which makes a pleasant change.

FOLLOWERS



Nathan 'Bucks' Buckley #5
Magnificent, brilliant, dazzling, imposing, rugged, consistent. His greatest weakness is that he can't play in six positions at once. Thank you God for letting us borrow him for just a little while.



Steve 'Stunning' McKee #12
Still just a boy in a man's body it won't be long until the words 'Brownlow', 'All Australian' and 'Norm Smith' are added to the C.V. He plays a bruising brand of negating ruck play which leaves his opponents dazed and confused.



Paul 'Licca' Licuria #18
He guesses harder than anyone else in the comp and he's got metal plates in his head. You've gotta love that.

BENCH

Mark 'Richo' Richardson #3
James 'Jimmy' Clement #8
Ryan 'Nickname Unknown' Lonie #37
Carl 'Steiner' Steinfort #15

SUPERCOACH



Michael 'Malty' Malthouse #0
One of the greatest thinkers and leaders of men this century. A man who appreciates the simple things, like hurting people and winning games of football.

absolute 'n utter Codswallop

Codswallop is fed up with mercenary money hungry "career coaches" and takes a swipe at the tripe they expect us to swallow.

Coaching cock-ups

What does it say about our great game that I never find it difficult to write about some sort of codswallop. Well I guess, footy, like any other walk of life, has a lot of different people from different backgrounds with different outlooks on life involved. But, fair crack o the whip, there are a lot of people in footy who just don't have a clue what's going on. I guess not too dissimilar from life as well. People who really need a good long hard visit from Super Truthman. Somebody who's going to set 'em straight about how things work. Somebody who's going to tell 'em that their acting like real dickheads and that what spews forth from their mouths aint within several spirals from the truth.

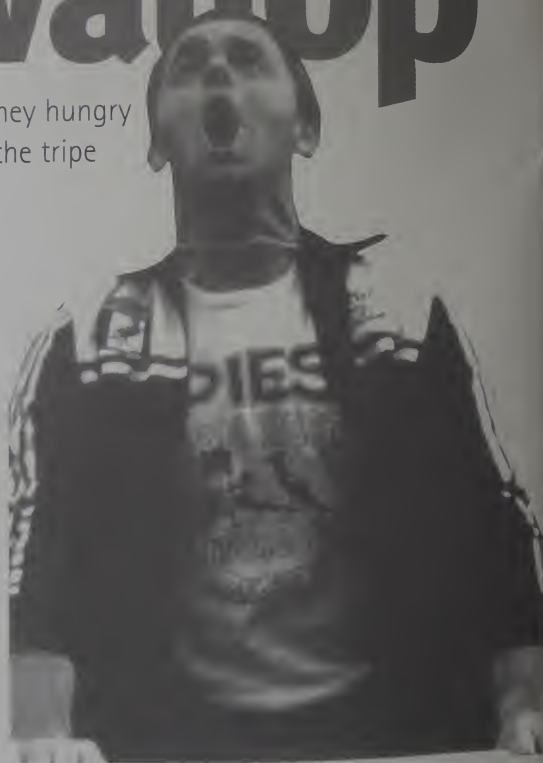
I don't feel like I'm whingeing constantly a'la Caro. I just feel like I'm here to point out some home truths.

Which brings me to AFL coaches.

BASKET CASES

I love watching teams implode at the the end of the season. Basket case clubs like St Kilda and Richmond who've had more coaches in the last 15 years than I've had good washes.

For whatever opposition supporters say about the Pies, their teams and their administration you can't deny that we manage our coaches well. In the last odd 15 years we've had three coaches including two of the best ever.



The one in the middle might not have been the best coach, but let's face it, he had some ordinary cattle and at the end of the day the club allowed him to bow out with dignity. He responded by delivering us priority draft picks and bleeding a bunch of young guns that are now serving us so well. No love lost, no hard feelings, it didn't have to be the so-called cut-throat world of AFL coaching bollocks. It was simply, the way things should be done.

How much has everybody out there in the Hot Piesland been enjoying watching that sanctimonious, pretentious, self-righteous, self-promoting weasel of a nobjockey, Terry Wallace squirm.

Pie fans, I could watch it all day. And all the next. Could probably watch him squirm for months on end before I got bored. I'd give up eating and just sit down with an endless supply of beer and watch one long continuous press conference of Terry Wallace with that piggy little nose of his pointed upwards lying through his teeth about not stitching any deals up before he left the Dogs. Hmmm, beer. It's what I'd say to that whiny voiced number that does the Tatts adverts on the radio about your footy dream. Good one, innit? Yeah, I like it. None of that pooncey stuff about wanting to play full forward. Mate, it wouldn't matter where I played, I'd never even look like getting a kick.

What sort of name is Terry anyway? Or Plough for a nickname? I mean Terry might be OK if you starred in an Aussie TV police drama in the 60's and it kinda sits well with my Uncle Terry ... sorry, that was just a little personal, I should stick to footy.

MOTHER TERESA

Who the bloody hell does he think he is? Mother Teresa? I mean, Jock McHale or Norm Smith or Barrasi or Kennedy. How does his coaching resume read: stint as assistant coach at basket case club with one flag to their woeful history and 6-year stint (after knifing senior coach mid-season - Et tu Terry? - has a nice ring to it doesn't it? - Et tu Terry?), yeah as I was saying, 6-year stint as coach of crap side with a record of three years in finals and three years out. Look, I don't care if those stats are wrong (this is Hot Pies after all), fact is he was a crap coach of a crap side, he has no runs on the board, he has a really annoying personality and if there is a slight chance that he was telling the truth, which we know he wasn't anyway, what right did he have to quit and expect to walk into any other club.

CAREERING COACHES

And do you know what else I love. I love the comment "I'm a career coach". I would bet a large amount of kanga that for the right price Terry Wallace would agree to be the new face of Crazy Johns. You just know if he don't get a gig as a senior AFL coach he is going to lick serious backside to try and get a media gig cos we all know how media shy

he is. I can't see him applying his "career coach" mantra and going for jobs in the SANFL or WAFL or putting something back into grass roots footy by coaching in the Diamond Valley.

Another of the "I'm a career coach" brigade - Dennis "I can get away with this hairstyle cos I've won two flags" Pagan - trotted out some beauties in his press conference. "I feel like I've come full circle". What was he talking about? Oh, right, you barracked for the Ballbaggers as a kid?

So barracking for the Blues as a kid then playing for North for ten years, coaching the North U19's for ten years and then the North seniors for another ten, taking them to two flags and being selected as Noth's coach of the century ... and then being seduced by the filthy lucre to go back to Carlton is going full circle then you got one helluva funny idea of what a circle looks like pal.

And his main reasons for leaving the Shinboners: firstly, he didn't want to embarrass North by going thru contract negotiations and secondly, he felt that the extra year (three versus two) on the Carlton contract offered him greater "security".

SUPER TRUTHMAN

This sounds like a job for Super Truthman!

He didn't feel it would be right giving the club that has employed him for 30 years, forged his reputation, made him a millionaire several times over, a chance to retain his services.

And as he fully well knows, there aint no security in AFL coaching - but there are obscene and, to the common man, untastefully-sized payouts due to people reneging on contracts. In his own words, when asked how he felt about stepping on the grave of Britain, "It's a cut throat business."

Look at the Pies people if you ant to see how it's done right. How it's done with integrity and honour and how you don't need cliches and spin to explain your bilious behaviour.



The 70's is no excuse for a head like that

A Year on the Couch

IN REVIEW

by RamonDobb

The new AFL TV rights have just about completed their first season. Like any virgin "breaking their duck", it's had its ups and downs and messy moments. But it hasn't all been rooted, they've also done some good things and they've had a couple of good ideas which should be explored further.

Firstly, the major cock up of the TV season. Who can forget the debacle of the Adelaide game where no-one in Victoria could see the first quarter of the game live? Not me!! What a f#\$%#ing joke!

How incompetent are the AFL that they can't schedule a fixture or its contracts to allow one of the games of the year to be seen live in the home state of the highest rating team in the land?

So with no TV, you then try to switch to the radio to get some live action, but no sorry, all three channels are broadcasting the do or die ratings bonanza St Kilda v North game.

NOT SUCH GOOD WORK FELLAS

A search of the internet gives score and stats updates and then finally a site that says live radio coverage – at last, a click of the mouse away from some action, but alas, one needs to be a Telstra AFL subscriber to listen in. Great work AFL and broadcasters.

But, despite their part in the Adelaide first quarter debacle, Channel 9 had some positives. Nine sensibly used King Eddie to give the Pies a great run with publicity, interviews and some fully justified excitement and bias in the commentary box.

Tony Jones, despite his constant interruptions during the Sunday arvo hosting gig, is a Pies man as well and gives a knowing smile when we win and lends support to Eddie in his pursuit of all things black and white.

Their coverage of Joffa's pre Carlton match speech with the giant spoon was pure magpie influenced brilliance.

Another on the negative side is those of us without Foxtel at home who didn't have the chance to see the Pies' interstate games in Perth from the luxury of our own lounge rooms.

Luckily many of the local pubs have Foxtel, so apart from the short drive, long walk or using up brownie points with the missus for a lift, we didn't have to miss out completely.

On the positive side, full marks to Foxtel for getting some young nubile Fox Footy girls in hipsters and tight little tees to visit these pubs with giveaways to give us all some viewing pleasure in the breaks or when the West Aussie wankers hit the lead.

Channel 10 have done a great job putting two Pies premiership players Chrisso and Daics into a job in the box and the coach's daughter as the boundary rider.

SCRUBBING UP

She scrubs up pretty well does young Christi, but just once I want to see her remind Mick to bring home the milk and bread after the game.

Chrisso, on the other hand, like a cheap bottle of Red has not aged very well and has a great head for radio. I can still remember him reading the Channel 10 sports news on the Monday after the 90 Premiership with Eddie,

Pants & Ned and he looked promising back then but he looks like he's developed a hunchback – maybe he was on the end of too many Ronny McKeown knees in the back as the third man up in his playing days.



"You make one mention of the Colliwobbles young lady and I'll poke your eye out – now get to your room!"

ASK THE GREAT MAN

One of Ten's greatest ideas is their half time segment "Ask Daics".

But unfortunately, whilst it's always great to see Daics, the segment is "very Channel 10" by not fulfilling its true potential.

Let's face it, no-one wants to see the fat bloke from the Footscray cheer squad asking Daics questions about the Doggies coaching dilemma or some other opposition moron asking about the game of the day.

What we want is to ask the great Daics questions about Daics!

Surely, this is a great opportunity to continue to show highlights of his brilliant career, the thousands of acts of magic and the hundreds of impossible goals and to ask the great man to go through them step by step.

PARANORMAL

Also, as you will see from the following examples there's the opportunity for some sex, violence and paranormal activity.

For example, check these out and tell me they wouldn't get the TV execs excited in the nether region:

Q. "Hi Daics, my mate reckons even when you "cark it" that you could still play and bob up for a goal or two and take a good defender out of the opposition team. Do you agree and have you left a AFL Draft nomination form in your last Will and Testament?" Pete, Abbotsford.

Q. "Hi there big boy, I've read about the Club's breeding program for the Father/Son rule in a past edition of Hot Pies and I'm up for it – with my athleticism and your skills & talent we'd produce a stable of superstars. How'd you like to grand slam one through my uprights?", Serena W, New York.

Q. "Mr Daicos, We watched you carve up the Brissie Bears with 13 goals back in 92. What we want to know is did we hear you laughing after each goal when you

ran rings around the Brissie defenders?" John G and Mark Z, Brisbane"

Q. "Hi Daics, remember back in the 81 Prelim final against Geelong, did you think it was a bit unfair a young champ like you playing on that old fart Ian Nankervis so you thought you'd increase the degree of difficulty by playing on, handballing out in front of you and dodging him to kick the goal of the year to put the Pies in front?" Bruce N, Geelong.

Q. "Daics, I watched you blitz during the 1990 season with 97 brilliant goals. Do you think your running banana goal in the 3rd Quarter of the Grannie was your best, considering the ability of the opposition defender?, Mark T, Essendon – oops I mean Geelong.

Q. "Peter, Did you really belt Barry Mitchell back in 93 when he was at Collingwood? PS. Do you need a new fitness coach at Collingwood?, Barry M, Carlton.

So there it is Channel 10, the perfect answer to lifting your profile and ratings. As another Channel 10 personality would say, "It's gold, Jerry, gold!!!" and promises to be a ratings bonanza.





- | | |
|--|-------------|
| Finishing 5th & thinking that you will play all finals at home | Handy |
| Being sent to Adelaide (by the Pie) to play Port instead | Crushing |
| Losing your full back and full forward for the semi | Devastating |
| Captaining the biggest underachievers in history | Priceless |

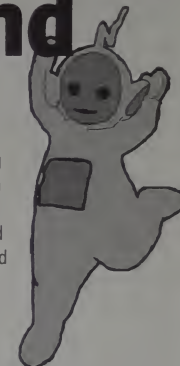


*There are some things money can't buy
For everything else there's LosersCard*



Laa-Laa-Bloody-Land

by The Joker



We Pies supporters have had to put up with a lot of bullshit in recent years about those AFL infiltrators Port Adelaide Power, being the other Magpies in the competition. It's bad enough when supporters of other Victorian teams harp on about it – just to make them feel better when they really just regret that they were misled in their early years and have ended up supporting some loser side. But the Power's carry-on is absolute vomitus tripe. Having travelled over there for our first game against them in SA, I had endured it first-hand. They spat on us, threw things at us, and booed every time one of our fellas got near the ball. But then at the end of the game (feeling generous of spirit given the bastards won) they tried to tell us that the only difference between them and us was an inconsequential dash of aqua on their jumpers. They were really Magpies at heart, too. I wanted to puke.

So for some time I've been concerned that the Power had misplaced the plot somewhere. But recently, my suspicions have been confirmed, and what's more, I've discovered that the whole of the South Australian population (other than the Collingwood supporters who endure living there) have completely lost it. A few weeks ago, I ventured across the border with a few fellow Victorians, for a short holiday.

I can tell you, it was like being sucked through a black hole and arriving in a different universe. One that didn't have any teams in it other than the Power and the Crows. Except maybe for the teams they were going to trounce that week. And I learnt that Planet Croweater had for some time been engaged in battle with those conspiring, wickedly underhand empires, Victoria and the AFL, in an epic fight between good, ie. SA, and evil.

From the South Australian perspective, there were only four teams in the competition: the Lions and Pies were mentioned in passing as the teams that the Power and the Crows would be beating before they proceeded immediately to the Preliminary Final.

However, there was the outside chance that the Crows might, shock-horror, lose in the first week of the Finals, given the biased draw required them to travel to Brisbane for their game. This would of course result ultimately in a Port Adelaide-Adelaide Preliminary Final, scheduled for MELBOURNE.

Consequently, the only topic for discussion in the whole State was how to deal with this outrageous situation.

Newspapers, radio, talkback, in the pub, on the street. It was overwhelming. What was happening in Iraq and would the world be soon blown to smithereens? Global recession? No one cared! They called in Alan Fels and the ACCC. They tried declaring a national emergency (unsuccessfully, of course, given Johnny Howard's flawed sporting perspective is limited only to cricket). The Premier began a campaign for Constitutional reform to protect States' rights (although only SA's).

What to do? How could the Australian Football League support a finals draw that was inherently biased against non-Victorian teams? And just because Brisbane was looking at two home finals, that didn't mean anything.

The carry-on continued. Talkback caller: Giddy mate. Wayne from Port Augusta here. I've been putting a bit of thought into this arrangement those Victorians have devised to try to prevent us winning a premiership. I reckon that the AFL secretly designed the system so that never mind where we end up on the ladder, we never get to play a final at home. It's part of their tourism strategy; it's about bringing our money into the Victorian economy. And it's because all Victorians hate us. Every single one of them. Talk show host: Wayne, I think you're definitely onto something there. We know that those Vics are all filthy, rotten mongrel cheats, so it makes sense... La-la-land, I say. Completely void of any basis in reality. Away with the fairies.

And meanwhile, Port was planning its finals training schedule, which included three days R&R during the long break they would have following their win in the first week. Arrogant pricks.

And then along came the MIGHTY PIES. Out of nowhere it seemed, to resolve the impossible Port Adelaide-Adelaide Preliminary Final problem. We eliminated it in one foul swoop. We stuck it right up 'em.

I wonder if Eddie has received an official letter of thanks from the South Australian government yet.

And now this week, were going to give Adelaide a bit of practice playing on the MCG. For next year, of course. In case they ever look like getting into the finals again.

His name is Bruce

What a great year made even greater by those filthy silvertail pseudo-farts, Carlton, having a season only trainee-supercoach Tony Shaw and interchange goalsneak Jason Wild could be proud of. Oh, and then there's Trent Hotton – he's had his best year since kicking 100 goals for Burwood two years ago.

It feels pretty good doesn't it?

But . . . before we all get too carried away, let us consider the political upheaval that could restore the misguided superiority complex that their supporters have so sadly missed this season. The ageing board headed by chain-smoking pig farmer, John Elliot, is about to be deposed by a youthful and visionary group of turtle-necked millionaires headed by Pokies genius, Bruce Mathieson.

BE AFRAID

Yes, we do have a reason to be scared. This is the Machiavellian brain that engineered his fortune at the expense of pensioners and invalids who wrongly thought they could beat him at his own game.

Now, with the help of his vault full of gold bullion, he is set to unleash his intimidating style on an unsuspecting football public. Not since the mastermind business brain of Allan McAllister will we have experienced anything like it.

Some of the initiatives laid out at a top secret meeting at the Watsonia RSL were passed on to me by my Uncle Pat, who just happened to be having a schnitzel at the next table. Pat told me that the "Carlton One" board would be headed by Collo simply as a figurehead but Bruce, his son Mini-Bruce, stretch denim inventor and Eddie's best mate, Col Delutis, former rover Vin Cattogio and flatulent egghead Mike Fitzpatrick were the real powerbrokers. What a line up!

All they need is a D-grade footy commentator like Swan McKay and a genius like Silvagni to round it out.

Firstly, Bruce suggested they retain the services of



by Pete Buttwagon

Bradley, as he would be a valuable marketing commodity to promote the use of pokies in elderly communities. Secondly, he proposed they design a poker machine called the "Kouta", after the most glamorous player at Carlton. Uncle Pat remarked to me, "It's called the "Kouta" because you spend five hundred grand on it and you still get nothing in return." I thought that was a bit harsh.

WORLD DOMINATION

Bruce also threatened world domination by taking over every pokies venue in Australia and then pouring a couple of grand into the Carlton coffers.

You know what that means. The thing that has kept the Pies going for the last few years has been the gaming room at the social club. We cannot afford to let Bruce get his hands on it, or it'll all be over, regardless of whether we're moving to a mini-casino at Olympic Park. What are the Collingwood board going to do about it when they see Big Bruce walk in the front door of McHale Stadium, with his two-kilogram gold chain swinging around his neck and his unbuttoned body shirt? Are they going to call for the heavies, black belt Keon Park streetfighter Paul Licuria and former Armadale graffiti artist gangmember, Rupert Betheras?

MUSICAL CAR HORNS

No. We've got to take action and not rely on the pokies to get through another year. We need someone to show us how it's done, someone like Brad Cooper, who demonstrated how a poor paperboy from Toorak could go all the way to the top by selling musical car horns. We need to buy more raffle tickets from those guys who change their team jumpers every week in the name of a three percent donation to charity.

Finally, let us not rejoice in Carlton's misery, but rather, let us celebrate being Collingwood supporters who don't have to be subjected to the ruling of a vicious dictator willing to mow down anyone in his way in order to achieve success.

His name is Bruce, do we need to say any more?

Where to send your spoons

I think it would be a wonderful gesture if Collingwood supporters were to send wooden spoons to some of their favourite Carlton footballers.

When I say 'favourite' I mean the Blues players they genuinely feel for at this time of great sadness. To give the gesture a personal touch, tie a little black and white ribbon round the handle, just to let them know where they are coming from, and maybe write a little note of sympathy. Even though the season is not yet over (for us!), it's not too early to send out the wooden spoons. In fact now is the ideal time.

I sent one to Scott Camporeale last week. Scott is a great little player. He never says a word on the ground, and opposition players love him like a brother. If he was that way inclined, he would make a wonderful Catholic priest. My note to him was short and sweet. It said 'SCOTTY, SUCK ON THIS'. This is the address I sent it to:

Scott Camporeale
Carlton Football Club
PO Box 83, Carlton North 3054

I went to see a match at Princes Park earlier in the year.

It was a dreadful experience. Every spare inch of space in that ground is taken up with advertising. I counted 180 individual billboards from the top of the stands to ground level. There were so many ads around the ground it was like being physically immersed in a double-page grocery store ad in the Herald-Sun for three hours. People tell you it's the reality of football but in 'reality' it's corporatism gone crazy – there is very little sense of history and tradition in the Carlton club of the modern era. There are three types of Carlton supporters. The first are the have-nots, the people who sacrifice margarine on their toast so they pay their membership dues, and their special 'reserved' seats. The second are stinking rich, the people who run margarine factories on the side, just for pocket money. Last are the yuppie aspirational types, the ones that affect nouveau riche posh accents like Elliott's, and wouldn't get caught dead

in public using margarine. They are the ones that have the smarmy expression on their faces when Carlton are winning, and go missing when they are losing. Most clubs have supporters like that but Carlton is infested with them. Maybe you could send a wooden spoon to:

Yuppy Scum
Carlton Football Club
PO Box 83, Carlton North 3054
(someone would open it)

Next week I'm sending a wooden spoon to 'Mr Walk on the Wild Side': Steve Kernahan. Steve is one of my all time favourite players, and when he did that Blues Brothers impersonation on the Footy Show I thought he was the funniest man on the planet. He has a ballistic personality that leaks humour like a soviet nuclear reactor leaks radiation. The note is going to read "HEY STEVE, STICK THIS IN YOUR CAKEHOLE BABY!!!" This is the address I am sending it to:

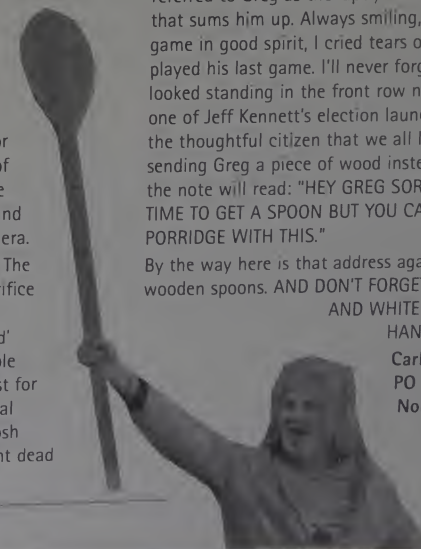
Steve Kernahan
Carlton Football Club
PO Box 83, Carlton North 3054

Another Carlton person I want to send a spoon to is Greg Williams. A commentator on the ABC once referred to Greg as the 'aptly named Greg Williams', and that sums him up. Always smiling, always playing the game in good spirit, I cried tears of Diet Coke when he played his last game. I'll never forget how humble he looked standing in the front row next to Paul Salmon at one of Jeff Kennett's election launches. It was like Greg the thoughtful citizen that we all love and respect. I'm sending Greg a piece of wood instead of a spoon and the note will read: "HEY GREG SORRY I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET A SPOON BUT YOU CAN STILL EAT YOUR PORRIDGE WITH THIS."

By the way here is that address again to send your wooden spoons. AND DON'T FORGET TO TIE THE BLACK AND WHITE RIBBON ON THE HANDLE!!!

Carlton Football Club
PO Box 83, Carlton
North 3054

LAURA PINKSTONE



The Malthouse

We Get Inside The Mind of Supercoach Mick Malthouse.

Special On-the-Ball Comments from Fenno

According to many senior players, Mick Malthouse is 'always 'crappin' on about Napoleon and comparing footy to military stuff.

For the uninitiated Napoleon isn't the three coloured ice cream you can only buy in Supermarkets, but a short French guy who used to win alot. Hundreds of years later Mick is using the lessons learnt from the battlefields to create his own. History that is, not ice cream.

Certainly, admiration for Mick's strategic thinking is wide-spread and goes beyond his own pupils (in the Collingwood football team that is, not his eyes). Even Caro had to admit that everything Mick had said in the lead up to the Port Adelaide trouncing had come to pass. So where did Mick get his sage-like wisdom? And what can we expect in the weeks ahead.

We here at Hot Pies have had a good hard squiz at Super Coach Mick Malthouse's thinking and have found that there's nothing new in his approach. In fact, it looks like he's been ripping off a famed 3000 year old Taoist author called Master Hung Tzu the whole time. Sure the way Balmie moves the withces hats has alot to do with things as well, but credit where it's due

In case you're unfamiliar this literary classic, it's choc full of idea's on how to defeat any enemy with all kinds of tricks and deceptions. So let's cross examine Mick Malthouse's strategic thinking against the 'Art of War'.

1. Deception: Knowing Yourself

The first key to success is deceiving the person you want to defeat:

Even Caro had to admit that everything Mick had said in the lead up to the Port Adelaide trouncing had come to pass.

"All victories are based on deception. Therefore, when capable of winning by ten goals, feign incapacity; when active in making moves on others, feign inactivity."

In other words, disguise your weaknesses and lure others to play towards your strengths.

The Malthouse Interpretation

This is where Mick's true genius lies. He was able to see through the strategy above and apply it to footy.

In the Port Adelaide example the first step was to lull the Power into a sense of complacency. He did this in a number of ways; a late season form slump was just a part of a cunning plan that had everyone fooled. Continual talk about how the Pies are such a young team. Obvious pre game hogwash after all we've got five 22 year olds on our list these days.

In conjunction with these subtle mind traps Mick wanted to make the Power think Collingwood would be a push-over.

To this end he stated un-equivocally that Bucks wouldn't be playing. In fact he was so open about it that it sounded like a rouse. A bonus occurred when Mark Williams didn't buy it hook, line and sinker. Expecting a double, double bluff (something you might expect from Sheeds) Port set up their entire structure with Bucks in mind. When he didn't play, they didn't know what to do.

Now let's return to the another main theme of the Art of War:

2. Knowing your target

Having access to good intelligence is the second essential in victory. An extensive spy network is not an optional extra but a basic necessity.

Mantra

Victory's occur as a result of good foreknowledge which must be 'obtained from men who know the opponents situation.'

The message is clear. Find out your opponents likes and dislikes.

"Know the opponent and know yourself"

Malthouse's Interpretation

Besides any information Mick could garner about the opposing team's injuries and form, he had two great insights into how they would play.

1. *He knew that they'd be shitting themselves.* With a record of three finals played and three consecutive losses, Mick knew they'd be worried AND playing at home in front of an expectant crowd. So why not turn the screws and draw everyone's attention to the fact. Particularly the media, which would play on Ports' minds. And did.

2. *Port Adelaide were Cocky.* So how do you beat that? Make them think they've won before they go on the ground and then get off to a great start yourself. Collingwood threw everything at Port in the first quarter and the Power never believed that Collingwood could hold on. Add to this master strokes like playing Carl Steinfort, who has obviously been kept out of sight for just such an occasion and you can see Malthouse's pure genius.

So where does the future lie for Mick and the Maggies?

At the time of publication, the strategic thinking would've been well and truly done for the Preliminary Final and if (as I suspect) the Pies go through to the Granny, then this will be where the next hurdle lies – how to out-strategy a strategic master like Matthews.

Know Yourself – and deceive:

Well, we know Buck's is back and that we're on fire. So maybe a few false media reports about injuries at training. Perhaps openly question the Pies motivation and claim they have lost their passion. Who knows? Maybe even a rumour about a player tossing off in their car

Maybe even make up a rumour about a player.



Know the Lethal one: And as for the opposition? Well, they're good and Lethal is trying to instill fear in his opponents. The trick is to turn the conditions into ones that they hate – never play to your opponent, make them play to you. They've played their last two matches in Queensland and they like a hard track, so how about giving the G an extra water the night before the big game? And we could ban bananas from the field entirely, which would really make them feel like they were in

unfamiliar territory.

Whatever happens the gloves are off as the chess game continues.

Hot Pies SFU: Special Follicle Unit declares.

It's the Pits!

People who fear that football and footballers were getting softer, worry no more. It's already hit rock bottom!! AFL players of the modern era have stooped to an all-time low in wossyness; a brand of wossyness never before seen in men outside the performing arts.

The source of the concern is unrelated to blonde tips or the popularity of bowling shoes. Nor does it have anything to do with the pre-training yoga or post game fruit cup. The problem centers around the feminine grooming practices adopted by a growing number of (non-Collingwood) AFL footballers, and "it's the pits". Or to be more precise, it's the arm pits and the shaving there of. To the overwhelming majority of Australian men, the thought of using a 'Mach 3' anywhere below the neck is utterly abhorrent and totally un-Australian. Yet every week a girlie-gusset-and-garter brigade (playing for other teams) mince their way onto the sacred football fields across Australia and are lauded as role models for our kiddies. All this despite the fact that they all openly shave their armpits (except Collingwood Players). What would the Don* have thought? (*we mean Don Lane of course)!!

If you don't think that this is really happening then think again. One can just imagine the boys at Princess Park just before a big game. Braddles would be asking Kouta if he'd missed a spot, while Lance would be applying moisturiser to a 'nasty red-raw rash that just won't go away'. It's just not cricket, and it's not footy either. What would the Don** think? (**Don Burke)

The impacts of this type of behaviour go far

The impacts of this type of behaviour go far beyond the boundary line.

beyond the boundary line. This is a plague that affects more than just the players involved. Each and every week our mothers, wives, sisters and girlfriends watch games of footy. In their minds' they develop a notion of the utopian male. A special breed of man born minus the black patch that is his thatch. Imagine the shock that Nuns, Virgins, Lesbians and other women with limited exposure to men get when they confront a salty, pungent mass of steel wool for the very first time. Is it any wonder that women seem disappointed by men so often? What would the Don*** think? (***Don Johnson - actually he probably shaved his armpits too - better make that Don Juan).



What's wrong with this picture?



All of this pales into insignificance when one considers the message this sends to the future of our game; the kids.

The onset of puberty and subsequent growing of arm pit hair is a difficult time for many young men. When these desperate, lonely young adolescents look to their football role models, what do they see? Who knows? But the one thing they definitely won't see is a big hairy babuscha beneath the arms. Is it any surprise that teenage depression, alcoholism and suicide are such major issues these days? What would the Don**** think (****Don Chipp)

The "role model" status of footballers has been well documented and much has been done to protect the precious 'image of the game'. As a result many of the much loved features of the game have been sacrificed. Coat hangers, haymakers, the gouge, Squirrel grips, and melees: all worthwhile and much loved features of the game now consigned to the past in the name of 'the image of the game'.

Whilst the honcho's at AFL H.Q. have been flat out getting rid of all the good bits about footy, they have let this catastrophic lapse in judgement and action go through to the keeper.

This is a practice which must be stopped

If the Pies get up this year it will not only be a victory for the greatest Club in the land but for society as a whole.



Taz isn't afraid to fly the flag



1990: A victory for Collingwood, manhood, and hairy armpits

immediately. Cultural sabotage is taking place every week right under the AFL's noses and they are doing nothing to stop it.

Fortunately for all fair minded Australians there is a ray of hope. Collingwood is leading the charge to restore the pride of men everywhere. It is widely

known that Collingwood players have never resorted to such hair removal antics. Collingwood has the opportunity to showw all of the football world exactly what our boys are made of. By flashing their hairy hot beds to the widest possible football audience, when they hoist the Premiership cup for all to see,

That's what makes Collingwood premiership success more important than ever before.

For too long opposition clubs have being winning Premierships and raising their bare armpits to the heavens above. In the early to mid 1990's speculation surrounded the lack of armpit hair in AFL players was a huge story. Now this same topic dosen't even get a mention. Evidence of how other team have destroyed the fabric of not only the game but society itself.

If the Pies get up this year it will not only be a victory for the greatest Club in the land but for society as a whole.

No.		Born	Height	Weight	Games
1	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178	75	33
2	Damien Adkins	9/03/81	179	75	19
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	99	132
4	Alan Didak	15/2/83	182	84	5
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	89	183
6	Brodie Holland	3/1/80	180	80	57
7	Jarrold Molloy	12/5/76	189	99	142
8	James Clement	4/9/76	190	94	104
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	183	83	112
10	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	86	52
11	Shane O'Bree	15/3/79	180	82	63
12	Steve McKee	20/6/78	199	102	41
13	Richard Cole	15/7/83	182	75	-
14	Shane Wakelin	12/8/74	191	94	115
15	Carl Steinfort	1/4/77	191	87	83
16	Tom Davidson	3/2/83	192	80	-
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	82	113
18	Paul Licuria	07/02/73	179	86	67
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	178	85	33
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	192	91	65
21	Chad Rintoul	31/7/74	180	86	73
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	80	4
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	195	104	118
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	178	79	56
25	Josh Fraser	5/1/82	202	95	42
26	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	178	84	30
27	Mark McGough	22/6/84	186	182	-
28	Ben Kinnear	27/2/79	193	98	37
29	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	81	24
30	Guy Richards	21/3/83	200	89	-
31	Andrew Dimmatinna	9/11/77	183	89	26
32	Scott Cummings	18/1/74	194	105	123
33	Tyson Lane	25/08/76	183	86	61
34	Jason Cloke	6/5/82	189	93	-
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	193	97	90
36	Dane Swan	25/2/84	183	75	-
37	Ryan Lonie	4/3/83	190	90	21
38	Tristen Walker	11/4/84	194	93	-
39	James Podsiadly	10/9/81	192	96	-
40	Justin Crow	16/7/83	196	80	-
41	Andrew J. Hill	6/9/79	183	83	-
43	Mark Dubyna	9/12/83	186	79	-
44	Andrew R. Hill	23/6/81	188	91	1
45	Leith Teakle	28/7/83	178	74	-



Why are people so unkind?

A recent Herald Sun survey placed Collingwood as the most hated club in the competition. President Eddie was disappointed with the result. "Yeah it is disappointing to be the club hated the most by fans of eleven clubs.

"We've worked hard to rebuild this Club to its former glory and can't understand why we're not hated by the other four clubs. Not all is lost though.

"It has inspired us to a new level and we've put in a lot of hard work to get back on top."

The Club believes this hard work has already paid off and the Club believed another survey held now would have the Pies hated by a few more Clubs.

"We couldn't believe Carlton hated the Bombers more than us. But after that 20 goal hiding we dished out to them I reckon we've hit the front. Joffa's giant spoon would have stuck it up 'em too. Another one we missed out on the first time was Port but we'd have 'em now."

MOST HATED CLUBS - HERALD SUN SURVEY

COLLINGWOOD

Most hated by fans of Adelaide, Brisbane, Essendon, Fremantle, Geelong, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Richmond, StKilda, Sydney and Western Bulldogs

ESSENDON

Most hated by fans of Carlton, Kangaroos & West Coast

CARLTON

Most hated by fans of Collingwood

ADELAIDE

Most hated by fans of Port Adelaide

Too Hot For The ABC!

That can be the only reason the suits at Southbank are pulling the pin on the best footy show on radio.

Find out for yourself!

Hot Pies co-editor Johnny Taranto can be heard most

Saturday mornings as the *Collingwood Coach In The Outer*

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Saturdays 10am-Noon
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Kid with Potential

Hey Stalkers.

This young recruit has been spotted signing autographs at training. The burning question on everyone's lips is "Who is he?"

Sometimes referred to as; 'Big Hair', 'Krame'r, 'Lillian Frank' and 'Fran (The Nanny) Drescher', if you know his name, send it in to Hot Pies for your chance to something (*conditions apply).

Send your entries for both
of our fab puzzles to:
hotpies@vicnet.net.au

Talkin' Tarkyn

Hey Lip Readers!

Orator and humourist Tarkyn Lockyer is well known for his wise crack. Fillin the crack of your choice and send it in. We came up with:

- a/ "Yeah, eat dirt cheese boy"
- b/ "Stop whingin O'Bree, or I'll turn you into a cheese sandwich."
- c/ "I've seen harder camembert."

All entrants go into the draw for a fab prize. Winner announced next Edition.



FOOTY MOUTH by FRED NEGROS.

THE CROWS?!
DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH!



LIKE ALL THINGS
OUT OF ADELAIDE
THEY'RE A BLOODY
JOKE!

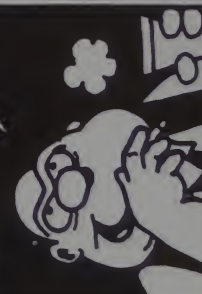


JUST THINK ABOUT
PORT POWER FOR A
MINUTE...NO, HANG ON,
IF YOU THINK ABOUT YEM
TOO MUCH YOU'LL FALL
ASLEEP..



"IN FACT, IF
YOU'RE FEELIN'
DROWSY WHILE
YOU'RE DRIVING,
A QUICK
15 MINUTE
PORT POWER NAP
COULD SAVE
YOUR LIFE!

WHAT ELSE HAS
THE CITY OF
ADELAIDE GOT?
..HMM.. LET'S SEE
CHURCHES.. YEAH
LOVELY CHURCHES

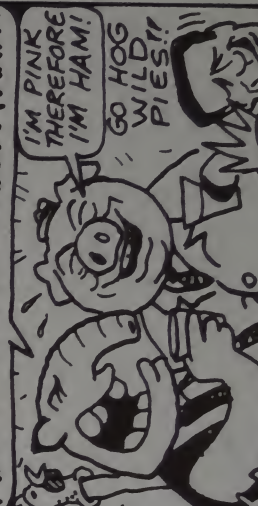


ALSO SERIAL KILLERS
AND ZOO RAPERS



"..YEP, THAT'S
RIGHT.. THE
GOOD FOLK
IN ADELAIDE
GO TO THE
ZOO WHEN
THEY'RE HORNY
AND PICK UP
A MONKEY
OR A TAPIR!

SO I SUGGEST WE ALL MEET
BEHIND THE POINT POSTS
WEARIN' TACKY PLASTIC ANIMAL
MASKS AND HAVE A BIG OL'
ANTI - TAPIR - RAPER PARTY!



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HOT PIES
MERCHANDISE



DVD
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HOT PIES
MERCHANDISE

Port Phillip
Baywatch

"It gave me goosebumps. A must see... ★★★★★"

Anne-Marie Sparkman